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## The Mechanism of life



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### Chapter 1 by Artheimr

A flowers life is fleeting  
Its petals will fall tonight  
Its destiny is to bring color to the era  
And then perish nobly  
There are no do-overs  
We are players bound by restrictions  
What should the next move be?  
The future only becomes more warped as I struggle in its final moments.  
It will surely shine vividly. That's the mechanism of life, isn't it?

I'm not an ornament, this isn't a game  
Beyond defeat there is only destruction  
My tears dried up completely at some point as I stood atop the sacrifices  
And so I stand on this small stage as a puppet  
And dance beautifully when they pull my strings  
I've decided that someday I'll break out of this dilemma

I've hidden my trump card.

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Though I may bear countless sorrows on my shoulders,

I will pretend not to hear  
I've been pushed out and I became  
unable to move

I couldn't just give up

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This isn't a game, I'm definitely not playing  
I'll tear the future open with my own hands  
There's value in the challenge of this game in which we bet our lives  
I won't be satisfied by guests  
With good manners and inquisitive expressions  
The pre-established harmony is over  
When you're caught off-guard, I'll show you how serious I am.

Even if my day-to-day life is pointless  
I want to keep living  
That's the mechanism of life, isn't it?

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